

# WILLIS's ROOMS.

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No. VIII.

## Harrison and Knyvett's Vocal Concert.

THURSDAY, April 11, 1793.

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### VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Mr. HARRISON and Mr. KNYVETT,  
Mr. HINDLE, Mr. SALE, Mr. BARTLEMAN,  
Mr. KNYVETT, Jun. Mr. GORE, Mr. RENNOLDSON,  
Mr. BELLAMY, Jun. Mr. PAGE, Mr. COOKE,  
Mr. SALMON, Mr. HOBLER, Mr. GUICHARD,  
Mr. DANBY, Mr. CHRISTIAN, Mr. WEBBE,  
Mrs. DUSSEK, } alternately  
Miss POOLE, }  
Masters KNYVETT, DANBY, SALE, and PRING;  
And Mrs. HARRISON.

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### INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

VIOLINS.	TENORS.	HORNS.
Mr. Mountain,	Mr. R. Ashley,	Mess. Leander,
Mr. Mahon,	Mr. Lyon, Sen.	OBOES.
Mr. Lavenue,	VIOLONCELLOS.	Mr. Foster,
Mr. Pilotti,	Signor Sperati,	Mr. Dickenson,
Mr. Agus,	Monf. Limardine,	BASSOONS.
Mr. Fifin,	DOUBLE BASS.	Mr. Holmes,
Mr. Lyon, jun.	Mr. Boyce.	Mr. Lyon.
Mr. Cantelo.		

and GRAND PIANO FORTE, (the Patent one of Longman and Broderip.)  
Mr. KNYVETT.

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*Managers are very sorry to be under the necessity of again apologizing for  
the absence of Mrs. DUSSEK, who continues much indisposed.*

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 ACT I.
 

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 OVERTURE, OTHO. *Handel.*


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 GLEE, 4 Voices, and CHORUS. *Danby.*

COME ye party jangling swains,  
 Leave your flocks and quit the plains;  
 Friends to country, friends to court,  
 Nothing here shall spoil your sport;  
 Ever welcome to our feast,  
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Sprightly widows come away,  
 Laughing dames, and virgins gay;  
 Little gaudy flutt'ring misses,  
 Smiling hopes of future blisses;  
 Ever welcome to our feast,  
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

All that rip'ning fun can bring,  
 Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,  
 In one varying scene we show,  
 The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow;  
 Ever welcome to our feast,  
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Comus jesting, music charming,  
 Wine inspiring, beauty warming,  
 Rage and party malice dies,  
 Peace returns and discord flies;  
 Ever welcome to our feast,  
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

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 GLEE, 4 Voices. *Calcott.*

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre  
 To the lost benighted swain,  
 When all silvery bright she rises,  
 Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory  
 To the fainting seaman's eyes,  
 When some horrid storm dispersing,  
 O'er the wave his radiance flies.

NEW GLEE, 3 Voices, and CHORUS. *Webbe.*

I'll enjoy the present time,  
 I'll be merry while I may,  
 Love away youth's gentle prime,  
 Ever happy, ever gay.

Youth's the season made for Love,  
 And Love's the source of bliss below;  
 I'll the pleasing span improve,  
 Nor waste one precious hour in woe.  
 I'll enjoy, &c.

*Da Capo.*

Too soon old age with gloomy care,  
 This sweet transporting scene destroys,  
 And silvers o'er my wanton hair,  
 And robs me of those fleeting joys.  
 I'll enjoy the present time, &c.

GLEE, 3 Voices. *Jackson.*

In a vale clos'd with woodland, where grottoes abound,  
 Where rivulets murmur, and echoes resound;  
 I vow'd to the Muses my tune and my care,  
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

As Freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung,  
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue;  
 But if a smooth accent delighted my ear  
 I could wish, unawares, that my Daphne might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd  
 To drive from my heart the fair nymph I ador'd;  
 But the more I with study my fancy refin'd,  
 The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,  
 I still must my Daphne's fair image renew,  
 The Graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,  
 And the Muses are all in alliance with Love!



*DUET*, Master KNYVETT, and Master PRING.

Begone dull Care, I prithee begone from me,  
 Begone dull Care, you and I shall never agree;  
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,  
     And fain thou would'st me kill,  
 But i'faith, dull Care, thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey;  
 Too much care will turn an old man to clay;  
     My wife shall dance and I will sing,  
     So merrily pass the day.  
 For I hold it the wisest thing  
     To drive dull care away.

*GLEE*, 4 Voices. *Dr. Cooke.*

In the merry month of May,  
 In a morn by break of day,  
 Forth I walked by the wood-side,  
 Where as May was in his pride,  
 There I spied all alone  
 Phillida and Corydone:  
 Much ado there was, God wot,  
 For he would love, but she would not.  
 She said " never man was true,"  
 He said, " none was false to you:"  
 He said " he had lov'd too long,"  
 She said " love should have no wrong."

Corydone would kiss her then,  
 She said " maids must kiss no men,  
 Till they did for good and all."  
 Then, Oh then! she made the shepherd call  
 On all the heav'ns to witness truth,  
 That never lov'd a truer youth!  
 Thus with many a pretty oath,  
 Yea, and nay, and faith, and troth,  
 Such as silly shepherds use,  
 When they will not love abuse:

Love, which had been long deluded,  
 Was with kisses sweet concluded,  
 And Phillida, with garland gay,  
 Was crown'd the lady of the May.

SONG, Mrs. HARRISON. (*Acis and Galatea*) Handel.

RECITATIVE.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,  
Purling streams, and bubbling fountains;  
Ye painted glories of the field,  
Vain are the pleasures which ye yield;  
Too thin the shadow of the grove,  
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,  
Your thrilling strains  
Awake my pains,  
And kindle fierce desire:  
Cease your song, and take your flight!  
Bring back my Acis to my fight.

*Da Capo.*

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NEW GLEE, 4 Voices, and CHORUS. Stevens.

ARCHERY.

I.

What shall he have who merits most,  
Who numbers and best shots can boast;  
That twang'd the bow with steady eye,  
And let the best aim'd arrows fly?  
O! he shall have the bugle horn,  
The horn, the horn, the bugle horn.

II.

Nor let him fear that in disguise,  
Some mischief lurks beneath the prize;  
For long before his fire was born  
They often wore a crest of horn:  
Then let him prize the bugle horn,  
The horn, the horn, the bugle horn.

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*End of the FIRST ACT.*

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ACT II.

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OVERTURE, PTOLOMY. *Handel.*

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ODE to MELANCHOLY, 6 Voices. *Webbe.*

HENCE all ye vain Delights!  
As short as are the Nights  
Wherein you spend your Folly!

There's Nought in this Life sweet,  
If Man were wise to see't,  
But only Melancholy;  
Oh! sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies;  
A look that's fasten'd to the ground;  
A tongue chain'd up—without a sound:

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves,  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are safely hous'd—save bats and owls.

A midnight bell! a parting groan!  
These are the sounds we feed upon!

Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley,  
Nothing so dainty sweet as MELANCHOLY!

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NEW ROUND, in 3 Parts.

(Composed expressly for these Concerts.) *Atterbury.*

Come mount your fleet courfers brave boys and away,  
The horn's cheerful echo upbraids our delay;  
Aurora's unveiling her cheering bright face,  
Tally-ho!—hark the summons to join in the chase;  
Follow, follow, with ardour let's Reynard pursue,  
Away then, hark forward! his brush is in view.



SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Danby.*

Stay, silver Moon, nor hasten down the skies,  
 I seek the bower where lovely SYLVIA lies.  
 No midnight felon asks thy trembling ray  
 To light his footsteps to the desp'rate prey;  
 No murd'rer, lurking for his hated foe,  
 Asks thy pale light to guide the vengeful blow:  
 Stay, silver Moon, nor hasten down the skies,  
 I seek the bower where lovely SYLVIA lies.

The breast with LOVE possest, no furies move,  
 No violence arms the gentle hand of love;  
 I meditate no theft, the willing fair  
 Shall yield her beauties to my well-fraught pray'r.  
 Stay, silver Moon, nor hasten down the skies,  
 I seek the bow'r where lovely SYLVIA lies.

GLEE, 4 Voices. *Scotch Melody*—harmonized by *Cerfe*.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;  
 The yellow-hair'd Laddie would often-times go  
 To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.  
 There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his love ev'ning and morn;  
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound  
 That Silvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

ROUND, in 3 Parts. *Danby.*

O let the merry peal go on,  
 Proclaim how happy Jane's with John;  
 With lassies gay and lads elate,  
 The loves and graces round them wait:  
 Of John and Jane shall be my song,  
 Of John and Jane the whole day long.

GLEE, 5 Voices. *T. Weelkes. 1608.*

Welcome sweet pleasure  
 My wealth and treasure;  
 To haste our playing  
 There's no delaying,

No no no no no!

This mirth delights me,  
 When sorrow frights me,  
 Then sing we all  
 Fa la la la la.

## II.

Sorrow content thee,  
 Mirth must prevent thee;  
 Though much thou grievest,  
 Thou none relievest,  
     No no no no no!  
 Joy come delight me  
 Though sorrow spite me,  
 Then sing we all  
     Fa la la la la.

## III.

Grief is disdainful,  
 Sottish and painful;  
 Then wait on pleasure,  
 And lose no leisure,  
     No no no no no!  
 Heart's-ease it lendeth,  
 And comfort sendeth,  
 Then sing we all  
     Fa la la la la.

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*GLEE, 3 Voices, and CHORUS. Michael Este. 1600.*

How merrily we live that shepherds be;  
 Roundelays still we sing with merry glee:  
 On the pleasant downs, where as our flocks we see,  
 We feel no cares, we fear not fortune's frowns:  
 We have no envy which sweet mirth confounds.  
     How merrily we live.

*Da Capo.*

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END OF THE EIGHTH CONCERT.

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*The NINTH CONCERT will be on THURSDAY next,  
 April 18. To begin at Eight o'Clock.*

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*Mr. HARRISON most respectfully acquaints the Nobility  
 and Gentry that his ANNUAL CONCERT is fixed  
 for FRIDAY, the 10th of May, 1793, The BAND, as  
 usual, will be Numerous and very Select, and under the  
 Direction of Mr. CRAMER. Grand Piano-Forte, Mr.  
 KNYVETT. The favorite New Glees which have received  
 the Sanction of the SUBSCRIBERS TO THE VOCAL  
 CONCERT, will be introduced.*



